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## WILL EVACUATE.

### Russia Fully Intends To Leave Manchuria.

## REPRESENTATIONS TO CHINA WERE SIMPLY INQUIRIES.

Her Coup, If One Was Intended, Has  
Been Postponed.

## PROMISES MADE TO THE POWERS ARE TO BE FULFILLED.

Washington, May 5.—The Chinese minister called upon Sec. Hay yesterday at the state department and discussed the Manchurian situation with him. There is good reason to believe that the negotiations have taken a more favorable turn, and that the Russian coup which was expected has been either abandoned or indefinitely postponed. It is understood that this involves no retreat on the part of the Russian government from its position officially taken.

Certain inquiries were addressed by M. Plancon, the Russian charge at Peking, to the Chinese government respecting the Chinese purpose as to Manchuria. The Russians hold that these were erroneously taken to be a set of demands. As a matter of fact, they were nothing but inquiries, and the Chinese answers being taken as satisfactory, the Russian government has decided to carry out its original program for the evacuation of Manchuria.

## NECK BROKEN, STILL LIVES.

Karl Wehrung Has A Chance Of Ultimate Recovery.

Worcester, May 5.—Karl Wehrung, thirty-five years old, is at the City Hospital here with a broken neck. He is a cooper, employed by the Worcester Brewing corporation.

He fell thirty feet from a staging in a storehouse at the brewery plant yesterday. He was cooping, when an iron vat hoop burst, striking him in the stomach and knocking him from the staging.

This morning the man was alive and conscious, but his body is paralyzed. The doctor performed the delicate operation of removing the fractured cervical vertebrae, raising the pressure from the spinal cord.

Wehrung underwent the operation and, after recovering from the effects of ether was perfectly rational, and appeared to be conscious that he was in a serious condition.

Dr. Trowbridge believes the operation was a successful one, and that Wehrung has a chance to recover. The fractured neck was placed in a plaster cast, and the man will be carefully attended, awaiting developments.

## KAISER'S PLANS.

Magnificent Scheme Said To Be Reason Of Visit To Rome.

New York, May 5.—The Tribune's Rome cable despatch says: The visit of the Kaiser to Rome, into strengthening the bonds which unite in triple alliance, making a compact of the powers making Europe, is supposed to have its chief purpose, namely, that of winning the Vatican from the influence of France, thus being the last moment, when the republic is so severe with the Roman church.

It is believed that Emperor Wilhelm has a great plan namely, that of using the power of Catholicism to create a great colonial empire, especially in Africa and Asia, through the work of the missionaries. Thus, the emperor took quite extraordinary measures to render his visit to the Vatican pleasant and flattering to the monarchs of the Empire, going so far as to create even a little uneasiness in Italian liberal circles.

## AFTER COAL LANDS.

Financiers Want Valuable Property In The Choctaw Nation.

Kansas City, Mo., May 5.—A story told to The Journal from South McAlester, Okla., says:

Financiers, headed by H. C. Frick of Pittsburgh and J. W. Gates of Chicago are forming a pool to get possession of all the coal lands in the

Choctaw nation, which will be sold at public auction and the proceeds divided among the Choctaws in accordance with an act of congress. The price agreed on by the Frick-Gates syndicate is \$25 per acre. It is not the intention of the syndicate to disturb the present mining companies, either large or small, or the coal leases. All that the pool financiers want is the undeveloped coal lands. They will let the companies now mining coal buy the land covered by their leases, but no more. It is said some of the important mine concerns are not able to buy the land which they now have leased, and the syndicate will buy it for them and allow them to operate it on a royalty of ten cents a ton, the same as they are now paying the Indians. Some of the men in the syndicate will purchase the land for development, while others will hold it for speculative purposes. Frick is to get the land along the Fort Smith and Western railway, which he owns.

Gates wants a tract of land in the eastern part of the Choctaw country, which carries a quantity of coal especially suited for cooking purposes. George Gould is to get a large tract in the vicinity of South McAlester.

## HUNDREDS EMPTY.

### Many Houses Are Now Advertised For Rent In Lowell.

Lowell, Mass., May 5.—The strike entered upon the sixth week of its course yesterday. It is estimated that wages to the amount of nearly \$600,000 have been lost thus far by the operatives, but there are no figures to determine the exact amount lost by the mills. Rumors that the mills will open next Monday or some time this week are again in circulation. The mill agents state that there is absolutely no change in the situation, so far as they are concerned, and in speaking of one of the mills starting up independently of the others, they declare it to be entirely out of the question. The city is losing its population every day. In no time in its history has there ever been a real estate paralysis like that of the present time. Hundreds of houses are empty and rooms are advertised to let in all sections in which lived the people whose work carried them into the mills. Business people are beginning to look over the long lists of empty houses with considerable apprehension. Savings banks are not loaning a cent, for they want the money to hand to pay out as fast as it is called for.

## ECZEMA, NO CURE, NO PAY.

Your druggist will refund your money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure Ringworm, Tetter, Old Ulcers and Sores, Pimples and Blackheads on the face, and all skin diseases. 50 cents.

## WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN.

Ira D. Sankey Is Permanently Stricken With Blindness.

New York, May 5.—Very little hope is held out by his physician that Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist who was associated for many years with the late Dwight L. Moody, will ever recover his sight. Some weeks ago an operation was performed on Mr. Sankey's eyes, and afterward he improved in health. For a time it was thought that he would recover his sight.

It is probable, however, that he will never see again. The improvement in his general health did not extend to his vision. He is still under treatment in order to prevent a return of the painful eye malady which might endanger his general health.

Mr. Sankey refuses to be seen, and his son Allan will not answer inquiries about his condition.

## A WELL KNOWN BOSTON DOCTOR SAYS

## QUINONA WILL CURE EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

Has Prescribed It In Marked Cases With Very Satisfactory Results.

One of Boston's leading physicians, Dr. Manak Banaji, 673 Massachusetts Avenue says: "I know the efficiency of Quinona in nervous prostration and a general run down condition. I have prescribed it in marked cases with very satisfactory results."

A tablespoonful of Quinona taken three times a day will soon build up the whole nervous system, enabling it to throw off all mental or bodily nervousness, and puts healthful flesh on thin, nervous people.

Remember that the ingredients of Quinona are not secret, for the formula is printed on the label of every bottle. It is the intricate and detailed method of manufacture which makes it practically impossible to duplicate Quinona in its present palatable form. All druggists sell Quinona. The Quinona Co., 1 Hartford street, Boston, Mass.

## EXETER EVENTS.

## Quiet Wedding Solemnized At Bride's Home.

## INDICTMENT FOR FORGERY AGAINST EDWARD SARGENT.

## Annual Academy Interclass Meet Scheduled For Next Saturday.

## THINGS SAID AND DONE IN OUR NEIGHBORING COUNTY SEAT.

Exeter, May 4.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized at the bride's home on Front street at 2:30 yesterday afternoon when Samuel D. Twombly of Danvers, Mass., a brakeman on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine railroad, was united in marriage with Miss Ellie F. Alden. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Ansley E. Woodsum of the Baptist church in the presence of only the immediate friends of the contracting parties. Her stepfather, Abbott S. Lawrence, gave the bride away. Otherwise they were unattended. The happy couple left later in the afternoon for Danvers, where they will make their home. The list of presents was very large.

The annual spring track meet of the Phillips-Exeter Athletic association will be held on the campus next Saturday afternoon. It is from this meet that a definite opinion is formed of the material at hand for the Andover meet on May 30. There is every indication of the usual strong track team this year.

The United States grand jury has brought an indictment against Edward Sargent, a young boy of this town. Sargent, it will be remembered, by forging his mother's name, secured a letter from the post office last winter. He was found by the local police today and taken to Portsmouth for trial by United States Marshall Nute.

Phillips-Exeter will play two baseball games here this week. On Wednesday Dean academy will be its opponent. This is one of the strongest school teams in New England. It has played several good games against fast college nines this year. Yale will play Exeter Friday morning. This will be the first time for two years that the Blue has been here. In the afternoon Yale meets Andover.

The annual meeting of the National Alliance of the Unitarian church was held this afternoon. The tea committee consisted of Miss Wetherell and Miss Tufts.

The officers of John J. Bell lodge I. O. G. T., were installed this evening by Lodge Deputy Thomas Wal lace.

George P. Kimball is ill at his home on Court street.

There will be a meeting of St. Alban's chapter, R. A. M., tomorrow evening.

James Cotter, with his two sisters, the Misses Elizabeth and Mary Cotter, will sail from Boston tomorrow afternoon on the Saxonia for an extended trip to Ireland.

Albert W. Scott has gone to the

northern part of the state on a fishing trip. His mail route is being covered by Substitute Fred D. Vickery.

A son was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Welsh.

Miss Kate Broderick has been taken to the Cottage hospital suffering with appendicitis.

The no-license campaign will be opened on Wednesday evening in Exeter. Lectures will be given in the town hall on that night by Daniel C. Romich of Littleton and Frank Foxcroft of Cambridge, Mass.

The bare Merrill has arrived with a cargo of coal for the Exeter Manufacturing company.

Frank Swasey of Boston is visiting in town for a few days.

## BOSTON AND MAINE AFFAIRS.

Stated Authoritatively That Road Will Not Reduce Its Dividend in July.

President Tuttle of the Boston and Maine railroad is vacationing, but it can be stated authoritatively that the road will not reduce its dividend in July—the next quarterly dividend period—for the directors at the last meeting took formal action in declaring a dividend of 1 3/4 per cent, payable in July, in view of the prospective absence of President Tuttle at the next board meeting.

A gentleman in a position to talk on Boston and Maine affairs, says: "The Boston and Maine never shows much of a surplus above its dividend requirements, but this does not necessarily mean that the road does not earn anything above such requirements, for it is the known policy of President Tuttle to put back into the property the earnings above dividend requirements."

"As a matter of fact, so far as earnings are concerned, the Boston and Maine stock could have been placed on an eight per cent basis just as well as seven per cent when he dividend was increased from six per cent, but the conservative course was pursued."

"I have heard the statement made that the Boston and Maine has such large charges to meet for grade crossings, equipment and other improvements that its dividends will have to be reduced. People appear to forget that the Boston and Maine is a holding company. The heavy charges for improvements, grade crossings, etc., are met by the various leased lines, and in almost every case extensive improvements are charged to capital account. The Boston and Maine does not have to meet these heavy charges."

## NEW BELT LINE.

Proposed Railway Between St. Louis And The Fair Grounds.

St. Louis, Mo., May 5.—Officials of the terminal association claim that when plans which have been in preparation for some time shall be carried out a double-track belt line will carry passengers with ease and rapidly from the city proper to the world's fair grounds, six miles from the city's center, and St. Louis will excel all other cities in the world in street car transportation facilities.

It is estimated that the cost of the double-track track and improvements will be in the neighborhood of \$6,500,000.

## MAY BAR CIRCUSES.

Skowhegan may bar circuses because it is held that the poorer people spend money that they can't afford to. We have heard just such arguments against shyness, particularly repertoire companies which crowd in a dozen performances a week and take lots of money out of town. Of course, a town or city has a right to shut out a circus or a theatre if it wants to. It is a pretty delicate matter, however, to tell a man or a woman that he or she shall not spend the money they have earned as they want to. The poorer classes are not likely to get any more in the way of amusement than they deserve. Because a man is poor he is not necessarily under public guardianship. If the city is to assume to say what they shall have in the way of amusement, it may come to regulating what they shall wear and what they shall eat. It seems unreasonable to make a drive at this particular line of shows which only come once or twice in a year, while hall shows, which are a much greater tax upon those who patronize them, are not protested against. It is no more the city's business whether a man spends a dollar to go to a circus or a show than it is whether he has roast beef or salt fish for dinner, or whether he pays a dollar, more or less, for his own or his wife's or his children's clothing.—Kennebec Journal.

The old promises, so familiar last summer, of real hot weather soon to come are being made.

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A Perfectly Ideal Baby Powder.

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## MUSIC HALL.

### F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

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## Monday, May 4th.

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And Her Company of Accomplished Players will appear here in a Strong and powerful Repertoire of Plays, Replete with Scenic Effects and High-Class Specialties.

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NIGHTS.

Tuesday.....The Gold King

Wednesday.....Outcast of a Great City

Thursday.....My Uncle's Ward

Friday.....Little Farewell

Saturday.....Ten Nights in a Bar Room

MATINEES.

Wednesday.....Bibbs and the Wail

Saturday.....Boy From Boston

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### 3 MARKET SQUARE.





THE BOY FROM BOSTON.

Little Ethel Dykyn and a thoroughly capable company made their initial bow at Music hall on Monday evening, opening a week's engagement before a large audience. The Boy from Boston, the play presented, was new to our people and pleased them immensely by its telling situations, novel climaxes and clean comedy. Its presentation was very smooth. Little Ethel in the title role was a surprise, not only portraying a difficult role well, but also showing vocal talent of a high order. She was ably assisted by her brother Tommy as Charbel. Frank Kendall is one of the best of the repertoire leading men ever seen here, and as Herbert made a handsome appearance, combined with dramatic talent of the most effective kind. Edith Oglesby scored heavily as an eccentric housemaid and Waldo Whipple's ebony servant was nearly perfect. William D. Reed made an untouchable Harry Leonard a sufficiently crafty villain and Emma Boulton an emotional heroine. The singing and dancing specialties, liberally interspersed between the acts, were all pleasing; in fact, the entire entertainment may be voted a success.

The Gold King is scheduled for this evening and Riches and the Wolf will be given at tomorrow's matinee.

#### A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

Preparations are about completed for A Chinese Honeymoon, which opens its engagement at the Colonial theatre, Boston, today, Monday, May 4, and, from the large advance sale, it seems that the many kind words the press of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Cleveland have bestowed upon it have preceded A Chinese Honeymoon to Boston. Its run of 405 performances at the Casino theatre, New York city, is something unusual in these days of over-burdened musical comedies.

Another great feature connected with A Chinese Honeymoon is that it contains a number of Boston favorites. Among them is John E. Henshaw, who has been seen in Boston a number of times. Miss Belle Harper, who was seen here on two occasions as the leading prima donna of The Bostonians, is also in the cast. William H. Clarke, the tall basso profundo, was at one time a member of the original Castle Square Opera company, and has also been a member of the Mt. Vernon church choir. In his early days he was a member of the famous Ruggles street church choir.

Miss Edith Eldridge, previous to going on the stage, was a member of the Park street church choir. Edmund Lawrence was at one time a member of the late Thomas W. Keene's company, and when only nineteen years of age was Mr. Keene's stage manager; something very unusual for a person so young in years. Edward Clark was a member of the Castle Square Opera company.

A Chinese Honeymoon is said to be the best musical organization in America today.

Among the many musical numbers are "I Want To Be A Lady," "The Official Mother-in-law," "Roly Poly," "The Leader of Frocks and Frills," "The Twining Vine," "Emperor Hang Chow," "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "Nursery Rhymes."

#### FOR ONE EVENING.

When John Craig, leading man at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, for four years, decided to star in Prince Karl, it was not until after great deliberation, and at the solicitation of close admirers and friends. Stock work becomes tedious, at best, and it is small wonder that a player of repute should be willing to sacrifice a good financial return for the crown of artistic triumph. Such efforts, not so readily considered, do a great deal for dramatic art, and help to place it on the level of the other professions of medicine, science and theology. Mr. Craig is presenting Prince Karl for a short spring tour, and will be seen at Music hall for one evening.

#### STORY OF HENSHAW.

John E. Henshaw, who is impersonating the leading character in A Chinese Honeymoon at the Colonial

Theatre, Boston, tells a peculiar story of how he came to play the leading role.

To his numerous friends in the theatrical profession it is known that Mr. Henshaw possesses a vast amount of the world's greatest greed, namely, cash and he is also the owner of a summer residence and a number of acres of land near Buzzard's Bay, Mass., in which locality he is nicknamed "Cranberry John," on account of raising the finest cranberries grown in the Cape Cod District.

The past season's crop was gathered early, and in getting them ready for market Mr. Henshaw employed a certain person to pack them in barrels and ship them to a leading commission merchant in Washington Market, New York City. But unknown to Mr. Henshaw the workman kept out about a half bushel of cranberries from each barrel, and inserted a false bottom in each.

The latter part of September Mr. Henshaw received a telegram, signed by the commission merchants, advising him to come to New York at once. On his arrival in New York City he immediately went to Washington Market and was very much surprised to find that the person he had employed to pack his cranberries had absconded with him. There was nothing left for him to do but to invoke the aid of the law, and in doing this in New York City, he being a resident of Massachusetts, he must first give bond.

The first person he met was Sam S. Shubert, manager of the Casino Theatre, and he asked Mr. Shubert if he would give him bond, to which Mr. Shubert replied, "Yes, if you will play the part of Samuel Pineapple in A Chinese Honeymoon." Mr. Henshaw had hardly given a thought to an engagement for the season and was in a quandary what to do—cranberries on one side and the word pineapple on the other ringing in his ears. Furthermore, if he was to bring suit to try to recover his loss, he would have to remain in New York, thereby losing the engagement. But Mr. Shubert's pleadings were so convincing that he finally consented to become Samuel Pineapple.

When next season's cranberries are ready for the market, rest assured that Mr. Henshaw will personally attend to the packing.

#### CAUGHT 'EM WITH YEAST.

How a Bright Small Boy Beguiled Fish From a Stream.

To those who are fond of fishing, the following story told by a man of veracity may be of interest. Not many miles away, is a small stream in whose clear depths lurk a large and decidedly delicious variety of fish. The peculiar part of it is that only a very few of this kind have ever been taken from this stream until the following incident occurred.

A well known fisherman, having heard of this place, resolved to try his luck with the funny family. He was a born conqueror, but here he met his match, for not a bite could he get. As he sat on the bank meditating upon his unusually hard luck, a small boy with a bag strapped over his shoulder came sauntering along. Taking a handful of small packages from the bag he tossed one towards the unhappy fisherman. It fell with a splash into the water, and our would-be hero watched the wary fish swimming around and nibbling it.

It was not long before something interesting began to happen. Slowly the hitherto cautious fish rose to the surface and swam leisurely along near the shore. Half defiantly the fisherman made a grab at the nearest one and much to his surprise, pulled him easily from the water. Highly elated he tried again with the same success and it was not long before he had as good a mess of fish as a man need wish for.

He felt that the key to the problem that had so long vexed others and which had baffled him for several hours, lay in that small package which the boy had thrown into the water. Confident that this was the only way in which the occupants of this stream could be caught, he hurried on and overtaking the lad inquired what he was carrying. Imagine his surprise to find that the boy was only throwing away samples of the latest kind of yeast cake.

He told the story as a secret to his nearest friend, but such things will leak out.

#### MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,  
It's fleece at first was white;  
But Mary brought her lamb to town  
And soon it was a sight!  
She sheared him, then, and sold his wool.

With very few regrets.  
To make the stuffing for some new Egyptian cigarettes.  
—From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Border Justice

Samples of Legal Wisdom Dispensed by Judge Roy Bean.

How a Bad Man From the Cherokee Nation Was Suppressed. Reminiscences of a Unique Character.

When Judge Roy Bean of Langtry, Tex., died the other day the most noted exponent of the majesty of the law in the southwest passed to his reward.

Like other pioneer statesmen and "first citizens," he ran a saloon. It was called the Jersey Lily and was a popular institution in Langtry, a one street frontier town nestling in a deep canyon of the Rio Grande where the railroad crosses the big river.

A favorite method of punishing offenders in ordinary cases was requiring them to pay their fines by purchasing beer at the Jersey Lily saloon and treating the crowd. Two dozen bottles of beer was a moderate fine.

A noted story of Judge Bean's early career is thus narrated by Major Hor-



"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS," SAID STOKES.

ace Bell in his "Reminiscences of a Ranger." It concerns California life in the fifties:

While the celebration was at its height a smooth faced young man of exceedingly polite and graceful demeanor rode up, dismounted and entered Roy Bean's saloon. The newcomer leaned against the bar and carelessly surveyed the scene. While quietly looking on he was roughly accosted by a ruffianly looking man, who, taking a position directly in front of the young fellow and surveying him from head to foot, said, with a contemptuous grin:

"Well, where in thunder did you come from?"

"Why, I just arrived from Los Angeles."

The quiet demeanor of the young man enraged the bully, and he became still more overbearing, declaring him self "the wild wolf of the Arkansas."

"I was the bloodiest man in the Cherokee Nation," said he. "I am a half breed Cherokee, I am, and I belong to the Ridge party. I killed three Mexicans on my way out here. I killed a soldier at Fort Yuma, and I've been here three weeks and ain't killed anybody yet. I'm going to give these Mexicans a chance to have a funeral, and if you open your mouth I'll kill you."

Roy Bean was watching the proceedings from behind the bar. His sympathies were with the young man, and he quietly slipped a small derringer into his hand. The youth secreted the weapon, and when the bully resumed his insulting remarks and threats he coolly looked at him and said:

"You are not dangerous, and I don't think you will hurt me."

Then the storm broke. The bully jumped up and, cracking his heels cried to the crowd:

"Get out of the way! I am going to shoot!"

A general rush was made for the doors, and as the desperado reached to draw his pistol the young man, with a quick movement, placed the barrel of the derringer which he had been holding against the breast of the bully and said:

"My dear sir, hold up your hands or I will kill you."

The bully had found his master and mechanically obeyed the command.

"Now," said the young man, "unbuckle that belt and let your six shooter fall." The bully obeyed without a murmur.

"Hold your hands behind your back. I am going to hold the hot end of this cigar in your nose until it goes out. If you flinch or attempt to take it out I'll make a funeral for these Mexicans."

Stepping back to the bar, the young hero said:

"My name is Joe Stokes, and I can whip any man in California who doesn't like me. I like to 'lay' for such soft snaps as 'the wild wolf of the Arkansas.'"

## SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

Kentucky's Strange Law For the Punishment of Vagrancy.

Bruce Marcum, twenty-seven years old, a white man of good family, was put up and sold at public auction by the sheriff at Jackson, Ky., last month. He was knocked down to William Griffith, who was the highest bidder. For six months Marcum will belong to Griffith, just as fifty years ago a negro slave belonged to a Kentucky master. He must work for his owner at the latter's will, and Griffith will be entitled to punish his servant if Marcum refuses to work.

The purchaser actually owns Marcum by a title which the sheriff must enforce.

Notwithstanding declarations by the lower courts of Kentucky that the law of 1795 is unconstitutional, sheriffs are from time to time selling people to the highest bidder. The law is known as "the vagrancy act."

It has never been passed upon by the higher courts. Recently two men and a woman were sold in this way at Shelbyville, and there was also a sale at Lancaster. A white man said to belong to a good family has been sold several times at Elizabethtown, Ky., to serve his buyers for stated periods.

The selling of human beings is a scene that in the present day is, to say the least, pitiful, but the law of Kentucky has no pity, and the officers of the law have naught to do but execute it. Oftentimes it must be said that they execute it gladly, as they thus get rid of an irresponsible character in the community by making the purchasers responsible for the good behavior of the one bought.

Sales in recent years in Kentucky have not been so frequent as in former years, but scarcely a year passes that half a dozen or more people are not sold at public auction.

## SWEPT OVER PRECIPICE.

Thrilling Adventure of a Man In the Midst of an Avalanche.

An Italian named Modesti recently had a most miraculous escape from an avalanche in the mountains of Gravedona. He was walking over the mountains with a companion named Crosicloschi, and at one point they found themselves on a pathway which was cut along the side of the precipice.

"Above us," he says, "the rock rose nearly straight, while below there was a deep sheer drop, ending in a steep slope dotted with rocks and a few trees. We were forced to work our way along the pathway with our faces to the rock, when suddenly we heard a frightful roar above us. Before we could raise our eyes I felt an awful blow in the back and was hurled into the midst of a mass of snow into the void."

The snow broke the force of the fall when Modesti struck the slope below, and during the next terrible seconds he kept his head in a wonderful way "My face was smothered in snow as the avalanche bore me down, flashing now against a tree, now against a rock and shaking violently backward and forward I kept stretching out my arms to grasp any steady object, and at length I managed to clasp a tree. It came with me, and then I remembered in some dim fashion having seen the



MODESTI WAS OVERWHELMED.

avalanche fear up a huge tree just by me when the snow first struck. So I let go of it, as I feared it might crush me against a rock, and the avalanche tore it from me.

"Then something hit my head, and I remembered no more till I found myself lying on a bed of snow which was stained with blood all around my head from the wounds in my neck and face. My right hand hung helpless, and at first I had the feeling that it had been torn off. I found that only my arm was broken. Then I raised myself and shouted for Crosicloschi."

These shouts eventually brought help to Modesti, but Crosicloschi's remains are not yet been discovered.

## FOR THE MISSES.

Some Dainty Costumes For Girls. The New Mohairs.

New York, N. Y., Sept. 17.—For a dainty young girl of fifteen whose abounding faith in the future makes her a thing apart from this world of everyday world there are many new and beautiful garments, but it is a matter of doubt whether any dress and hat provided for the warm days of June could surpass those I am going to tell you about. The dress is modeled on one brought from abroad for one of the young daughters of a very wealthy family, and the dress and remarkable hat in question were to be seen at a recent grand wedding, though the pretty wearer was not one of the three bridesmaids.

The frock was made of dotted swiss muslin, the dots being of worsted in a dark red and of irregular sizes. There were three narrow ruffles at the edge, while the waist was adjusted to the figure by shirtings. The under dress was of red silk, and on the sleeves and pelerine were looped bows of black velvet ribbon and a line of the same run in trout trout. A deep pelerine was formed by two widths of white crepe de chine richly embroidered in white silk. This also formed ruffles to the elbow sleeves. The hat was made of red shirred chiffon, with a flat crown, on which was laid at the back a bunch of dark red cherries of heroic size, with a few shaded leaves lying along the crown. But the careful finish of the folds around the brim and along the edge of the crown made any other trimming seem superfluous.

A very striking blouse suit was shown recently for a girl of about the same age, though, generally speaking, young girls do not wear striking garments. This one had the skirt of dark gray cheviot with a shaped flounce, at the bottom of which were sewed three rows of rich black braid fagoted together by bright blue sash-like silk. The blouse was of blue Bedford cloth in the same brilliant shade, and this had fagoting of black to bind the rows of braid. The blouse pouched very full, and there were four white pearl buttons almost as big as saucers.

One really elegant and tasteful dress for a young girl was made in a well established last week. The skirt was of fine blue and white checked linen, with a shaped flounce at the bottom of dark blue linen. This was featherstitched in white silk. The upper portion of the skirt was of the pin head check laid in narrow plaits down to the junction of the flounce.

Sleeves are often made now with a deep puff from top to the elbows, and from there down the form is much like the chateleine cuff. The blouse was open down the front in vest style, and a piece of the checked was set in. Pearl buttons in clusters of three were set along the edge.

A decided novelty is found in the mohair sweaters. They are embroidered, some in colors and others in self color. They are washable and beyond



## COSTUME FOR YOUNG GIRL.

measure pretty for the young, as they have a particularly youthful appearance. There is no limit to figurings, some being dots of one or different sizes, flowers and vines, medallions and lace patterns, all on white or lightly tinted grounds. These made up over a colored lining are extremely dainty, but the most of them are made over white linings if they are to be worn as dressy attire. Few have real silk linings now, as the imitations are so close to the real that under a thin material no one could tell the difference. Sometimes a taffeta ruffle is added at the edge of the lining. Separate waists are also made of this material and with good effect.

Some of the embroidery on these mohairs in the transparent qualities is really beautiful in itself, there being butterflies with velvet wings in all nature's colors, chains apparently of gold lying against the soft, white stars and crescents, clover leaves and blossoms like nature and so many other dainty blossoms that one must give the whole floral nomenclature to mention them all besides some that never bloomed on land or sea.

OLIVIA HARPER.

## Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 7:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:05 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m. and 10:40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9:10 p. m. and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at 10:35 and 11:05.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m. and at 10:35 and 11:05.

\*Omitted Sundays.  
\*Omitted holidays.  
\*Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS,  
Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.  
WINSLOW T. PERKINS,  
Superintendent.

## PORTSMOUTH KITTERY AND YORK STREET RAILWAY.

### WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Nov. 5, 1902.

To Portsmouth—From York Beach, 5:45, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45, 11:15, 12:45, 2:15, 3:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45.

To York Beach—From Portsmouth first car through to York Beach leaves at 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30, 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00.

Mail and express car, week days—Leaves York Beach for Portsmouth at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Leave Portsmouth for York at 10:55 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

\*Cancelled Sunday.  
Notice—The ferry leaves Portsmouth 5 minutes before the even hour and half hour.

For special and extra cars address W. G. MELOON, Gen. Man.

## Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co.

Leaves Greenacre, Eliot—6:10, 6:45, 7:15, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10.

\*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacre 8:10 a. m.

\*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.  
\*\*Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.  
\*\*\*To Kittery and Kittery Point only.

\*Runs to Staples' store only.  
Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacre 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co's, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

## U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

### TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until April 1.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:10, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.

\*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GEORGE F. F. WILDE,  
Captain, U. S. N., Capt. the Yard  
Approved: J. J. READ,  
Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant

## Gray & Prime.

OTTO COKE

The Ideal Summer Fuel.

111 Market St.

## BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.  
(In effect October 13, 1901.)

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3:47, 7:30, 8:15, 10:55 a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 7:25 p. m. Sunday, 3:47, 8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00 p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 5:22, 8:45, 9:15 p. m. Sunday, 9:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:45, 9:15 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For North Conway—9:55 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:30 p. m.

For Dover—4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:47 p. m. Sunday, 8:20, 10:48 a. m., 8:47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

For Greenland—7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10 a. m., 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:40 p. m. Sunday, 8:20, 9:00 a. m., 6:30, 7:00, 7:40 p. m.

Leave Portland—1:50, 9:00, a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sunday, 5:00 a. m., 12:45, 5:00 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m., 4:15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:45, a. m., 3:50, 6:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:40 a. m., 3:50 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a. m., 4:06, 6:33 p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:30, 8:30, 9:30 p. m. Sunday, 7:30 a. m., 8:20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50 a. m., 2:13, 4:59, 8:16 p. m. Sunday, 10:04 a. m., 7:59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55 a. m., 2:19, 5:05, 6:21 p. m. Sunday 10:12 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35 a. m., 12:01, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 10:18 a. m., 8:10 p. m.

\*Via Dover & West Div.

### SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30 a. m., 12:40, 5:22 p. m.

Greenland Village—8:30 a. m., 12:40, 5:22 p. m.

Rochingham Junction—9:07 a. m., 1:02, 5:58 p. m.

Epping—9:32 a. m., 1:16, 6:14 p. m.

Raymond—9:42 a. m., 1:27, 6:25 p. m.

Returning leave.

Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m., 3:39 p. m.

Manchester—8:32, 11:10 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Raymond—9:10, 11:43 a. m., 5:02 p. m.

Epping—9:22 a. m., 12:00, a. m., 5:11 p. m.

Rochingham Junction—9:47, a. m., 12:16, 5:55 p. m.

Trains connect at Rochingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked at all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

YORK HARBOR AND BEACH RAILROAD.

Leave Portsmouth—7:50, 11:00 a. m.; 2:50, 3:35 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6:40, 10:00 a. m.; 1:30, 4:05 p. m.

Leave York Harbor six minutes later.

D. J. FLANDERS,  
G. P. & T. A.

TIME TABLE.

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

Cars Leave Portsmouth for Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter at 7:05, 8:05 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:05 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at 10:35, running to Greenland Village and Stratham only.

Cars Leave Exeter for Stratham, Greenland Village and Portsmouth at 7:05, 8:05 a. m., and every hour until 10:05 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10:45 and run to Greenland Village only.

Theatre Cars.

(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performance at the opera house.

\*Omitted Sunday.







## White Mountain Refrigerators



Are the Coldest, Driest, Cleanest, Purest, Most Sanitary and Best Refrigerator ever made.

They embrace every feature that can possibly be desired in any refrigerator. Our stock is comprised of every conceivable Shape, Size and Price. No matter how much or how little you wish to pay, we have just the Size and Price you want, from the Smallest Ice Chest at

**\$3.75**

to the Largest Hotel or Restaurant Refrigerator at

**\$65.00.**

CALL OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

## Portsmouth Furniture Company.

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR EYES?



Why? Probably you need glasses. Call and let me examine your eyes, they may be the cause of your headaches. I will give you the best service possible for your money.

C. F. HUSSEY,  
Eye Specialist,  
39 Congress St.

## W. E. Paul RANGES

## PARLOR STOVES KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c counters.

Please consider that in this we will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

**39 to 45 Market Street**

## H. W. NICKERSON LICENSED EMBALMER

## FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

8 Daniel Street, Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller Avenue, or 11 Gates Street will receive prompt attention.  
Telephones at office and residence.

## BITS OF GOSSIP.

### Chit-Chat That Is In The May Air.

### VARIOUS THINGS OF AN INTERESTING NATURE.

### Spring Sidelights On Matters Local And Otherwise.

### MANY MATTERS THAT ARE BOTH TIMELY AND TRITE TODAY.

People are saying  
That the gypsies have arrived—  
That the hurdy-gurdies are not coming very fast yet—  
That something must be the matter with the weather clerk—

That the caddies are all ready to reap their season's harvest—  
That the quiet season at the Public library is almost at hand—  
That there are lobsters to be bought, but they come high—  
That there have been more auction sales this spring than usual—  
That the new city directories are being distributed about town—  
That the Dyfryn company jumps from here away out into Ohio—  
That there is a great demand for rooms and suites in this city—  
That the oysters can have a rest now and grow for the fall trade—  
That the "everlasting" Devil's Auction is booked at Music hall—  
That people have stopped discussing the Fitz-John Porter statue—  
That the voters will all make it a point to be at the polls next Tuesday—  
That Biddle, the Dover caterer, has concluded not to locate in this city—  
That it is time for the board of trade to bait its hook for more industries—  
That there will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees at Music hall this week—  
That Hampton River bridge is "all hunk", despite reports to the contrary—  
That Walter Woods is opening up finely with the Jersey City team this season—  
That the recent frost didn't set back the apple or peach trees a great deal—  
That Newick could jump into the Eastern league in a minute, if he wanted to—  
That everybody hopes they are more accurate and complete than the last we got—  
That it will be interesting to watch them get that Y. M. C. A. building out of the way—  
That another no-license address will be delivered in Freeman's hall next Monday evening—  
That the members of Alpha council intend to make their "housewarming" a jolly good time—  
That there ought to be a pavilion at Wallis Sands and means of getting right to it by trolleys—  
That the coal dealers haven't yet finished counting the shekels they made last autumn and winter—  
That people read the papers which give them all the local news, and that's why they read this one—  
That the City Improvement Association will probably have some lawn parties during the summer—  
That some of the sports advocate fixing up the old South end bicycle park for baseball grounds again—  
That the residents of the South end have about given up all hope of ever having trolley accommodations—  
That all the heavy machinery for the Rockingham Light and Power company has been hauled from the depot—  
That crowds of anglers bound from Boston to the Rangeleys are going through here on about every train headed eastward—  
That there would have been some lively work cut out for the firemen if that blaze in Hoxie's shop had ever got a good start—  
That the depot cafe here is considered to be as well managed and thoroughly appointed as any on the Boston and Maine system—  
That all the young men about town who are not already members of the Portsmouth Athletic club are eager

to join that popular organization, now it has such a fine new home—  
That bets are being made on the duration of the carpenters' strike—  
That the section men on the Boston and Maine railroad expect an increase of wages soon—  
That this crane was classed as the biggest one ever used on dry dock work in this country—  
That this paper didn't have to wait till today to give its readers the falling of the crane at the dry dock—  
That quite a number of persons hung around the Y. M. C. A. building till late, last evening, waiting to see it moved—  
That another theatre train may be run down over the Concord branch to this city before the Music hall season closes—  
That a group picture of Sheriff Collins and his deputies appeared in a Manchester paper on Monday, only it was spelled "Collins"—  
That numerous cases of measles are reported in Concord, but Portsmouth does not appear to be subject to any epidemic just now—  
That the two young men who were flogged by the young women they took to ride last Sunday were game and didn't squeal to the police—  
That the old Treadwell house that has been torn down, on Congress street, has been a landmark there for more than one hundred years—  
That Capt. John Hall of Cape Cod, formerly in command of the Shoals steamer Viking, has returned to his home after passing a few days in this city—  
That Marshal Entwistle's determination to rid Congress street of its sidewalk loafers meets with the hearty approval of every woman in the city—  
That this port will probably be used as the base of supplies for the warships engaged in the summer maneuvers along this part of the New England coast—  
That the price of coal for the coming fall and winter is already attracting the attention of the very large number who will be obliged to purchase this commodity—  
That the schooner John Bracewell, which was towed up river to Dover on Sunday afternoon, is the first vessel loaded with coal to arrive at the Cocheco city this spring—

### BASEBALL TALENT.

### There Is Plenty Of It In This City.

### SOME OF THE CRACK PLAYERS AVAILABLE THIS SEASON.

This bids fair to be the greatest baseball year ever known and a town like Portsmouth should not be without a representative team, nor, according to present indications is it likely to be. A team could be made up here stronger than any to be found in the state, outside the New England league, and fully capable of giving any of the professional teams in the minor leagues a run for their money.

In Newick Portsmouth has a pitcher who is obliged to acknowledge his inferiority to very few. His work at Lynn on Saturday, proves this and the way he held the heavy hitting Somersworths down on Fast day is additional proof.

As a catcher Carman is very nearly as good as the best of them. There is not an amateur backstop in New Hampshire who can play the position with the skill and judgment which he has shown in every game in which he has taken part since coming to Portsmouth.

George Woods is a brilliant first baseman, Hanson is a wonder at second, while Powers at third is a crack-jack.

All these men are heavy hitters and can generally be relied upon to rap out a safe one when it is needed.

For the outfield there are many likely candidates, although Rowe, Ladd, Lynsky and Fernald are the most promising. The last three are rather weak at the bat, but they are fast fielders and Ladd is lightning-like on the bases.

The only lack is a good shortstop and a week's practice would probably develop enough unknown talent to make the filling of this position an easy matter.

When the Portsmouth team gets together, Newmarket, Somersworth, Dover, Newburyport and Dr. Charles' Exeter Clippers are pretty certain to lose their laurels. Newburyport, however, has none to lose since facing Newick's curves at Lynn.

### IT IS COMING.

Great Barnum And Bailey Circus Actually On The Way.

The great Barnum and Bailey circus will shortly begin its tour of New England and will visit the principal cities and towns. Already the advance agents have been here and within a few weeks the representatives of the mammoth enterprise will arrive in Portsmouth to dress the unattractive walls barn sides, and unpainted fences in pleasing colors with real art productions from the lithographers and printers, heralding the coming of the "greatest show on earth." They will come in the most magnificent car ever built. It is entirely covered with gold, brightly burnished, and is fairly dazzling. It is a sight in itself worth going miles to see. It is a vision of splendor. It is seventy feet in length and its equipment is the most perfect, providing comfort and convenience exceeding anything ever before attempted, and in elegance and luxuriousness outrivalling the state cars of the proudest rulers of the world.

James A. Bailey, the head of the mastodon show, whose genius as a manager is of the transcendental order, and who exercises a fatherly care over his host of employees, years ago became famous for his prodigality in providing comfort and good cheer in every reasonable form, for his army of workers, but this year he has amazed and astounded all by his lavishness. A visit to the golden car will give some idea of the general character of the great show itself. Everything connected with it is on the same scale of magnificence.

The canvases spread over an area of almost twelve acres, the "big top" being more than one third larger than any tent ever erected and the capacity almost twice as great, the seating arrangements excel anything ever before known at a circus. There are numerous private boxes; French opera chairs are provided for the reserved seats, and the seats obtained by general admission tickets are better than heretofore furnished in reserved seat sections, having foot rests for the comfort of patrons. The entire show is illuminated by electricity from its own electric plant. "No performance ever approached that given by the Barnum and Bailey circus this year" was the com-

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The great Barnum and Bailey circus will shortly begin its tour of New England and will visit the principal cities and towns. Already the advance agents have been here and within a few weeks the representatives of the mammoth enterprise will arrive in Portsmouth to dress the unattractive walls barn sides, and unpainted fences in pleasing colors with real art productions from the lithographers and printers, heralding the coming of the "greatest show on earth." They will come in the most magnificent car ever built. It is entirely covered with gold, brightly burnished, and is fairly dazzling. It is a sight in itself worth going miles to see. It is a vision of splendor. It is seventy feet in length and its equipment is the most perfect, providing comfort and convenience exceeding anything ever before attempted, and in elegance and luxuriousness outrivalling the state cars of the proudest rulers of the world.

James A. Bailey, the head of the mastodon show, whose genius as a manager is of the transcendental order, and who exercises a fatherly care over his host of employees, years ago became famous for his prodigality in providing comfort and good cheer in every reasonable form, for his army of workers, but this year he has amazed and astounded all by his lavishness. A visit to the golden car will give some idea of the general character of the great show itself. Everything connected with it is on the same scale of magnificence.

The canvases spread over an area of almost twelve acres, the "big top" being more than one third larger than any tent ever erected and the capacity almost twice as great, the seating arrangements excel anything ever before known at a circus. There are numerous private boxes; French opera chairs are provided for the reserved seats, and the seats obtained by general admission tickets are better than heretofore furnished in reserved seat sections, having foot rests for the comfort of patrons. The entire show is illuminated by electricity from its own electric plant. "No performance ever approached that given by the Barnum and Bailey circus this year" was the com-

ment of the New York-Herald and it was endorsed by all the other metropolitan dailies.

In the great spectacle which concludes the performance, "The Tribute to Balkis, over 1200 persons participate. The greatest congregation of freaks ever assembled in the world is but one of the numerous features of this "twentieth century colossus." No greater number or greater variety of animals was ever gathered together than are presented with this circus and no finer herds of horses, draught and performing, were ever seen, the stock being selected from the very best stock in Europe and America.

In the street parade a pageant will be presented which will easily outshine the triumphal processions given in honor of the jubilees of coronations of grand and powerful rulers in point of magnificence. It is over two miles in length and includes twenty floats and triumphal chariots, which typify the five continents and the peoples in habiting them, and numerous tableaux vivants. One of these huge floats, representing the two hemispheres, requires forty matched horses to draw it. It cost \$50,000 to construct it. There will be herds of elephants and camels, Roman racing chariots of the same character as used in ancient times, mounted cavaliers, ladies and performers; displays of open dens of wild animals, allegorical chariots illustrating children's fairy tales, and a myriad of new features.

### THE "TOUCH" ARTISTIC.

A Delicate Job That The Thief Could Not Resist Doing.

We have cut society too much on the square. Perpendicular and horizontal lines do not make the only intelligent divisions. The relationship of Raphael with a pickpocket I talked to once is more intimate essentially than it is with some makers of "pictures" and molders of "statuary." The thief had been arrested because, having obtained permission to live in New York provided he did not work there, he was caught stealing a watch.

"Why did you do it?" I asked him. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I simply couldn't help it. I'm no kleptomaniac. It isn't the stealing I like, but the fun of doing a hard job prettily. This is the second time I've made. The first was like this: I saw a rich, fat man in a crowd, and I noticed that his watch was hung in a new way, hard to break. My fingers itched, not for the watch, but to break it off. I moved up, lifted the watch, walked away with it and then went back and hung the thing on the chain again. This second time something like that. I saw a delicate job, tried it, got the watch, and just then the fellow happened to look for the time. He 'hollered,' and a detective near by pinched me. I don't think I'm what you'd call a natural thief, but I like to work with my fingers, and I like the excitement of stealing."—McClure's.

Frederick the Great.

In the course of some military evolutions Frederick the Great of Prussia, irritated by some mistake of a captain, ran after him with his stick in order to strike him. The captain ran away. The next morning the commanding officer reported to the king that the officer in question, one of the most efficient in the regiment, had sent in his papers. "Tell him to come to me," said the king. The officer, in great perturbation, came. "Good morning, major," he apostrophized the officer, who was speechless with surprise. "I wanted to tell you of your promotion, but you ran so fast I could not catch you up. Good morning."

Another time an officer attempted to get a comrade into bad odor with the king by telling his majesty that he was a drunkard. In a subsequent battle the latter's fitness was conspicuous, whereas his slanderer played a very poor part. When afterward he defied past the king at the head of his regiment, his majesty called out to him in a voice of thunder, "The sooner you take to drink the better."

### CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council chamber at City Hall in said city, on the following dates, viz: April 2, 7, 10, 13, 16, 21, 24, 28, and May 1 and 5, at the following hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; from 2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9 p. m., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the special election to be held May 12, 1903.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, May 12, 1903 from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of this board.

HERBERT B. DOW,  
Chairman.

ALBERT H. ENTWISTLE, Clerk.

Strawberries are fast improving in quality.

## USE IT AS

you desire, either in hot or cold water, the result is always the same—cleaner and whiter clothes with less labor and less expense. It lightens the labors of washday when using

# Sunlight

It is Soap Perfection—Only Five Cents.

## NO MATTER

WHAT THE WEATHER IS NOW, YOU WILL SOON WANT A LIGHT SUIT.

It will be to your advantage to order Hot Weather Garments at once and I can make it to your advantage to order them of me.

## T. L. HERSEY.

65 CONGRESS ST.

## SPRING SUITS!

We are showing some Very Fine Samples for Spring Suits. Suits, made well and guaranteed to fit, from \$18.00 up. Come in and let us make you a nice Business Suit, from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

## MATHES, THE TAILOR.

7 VAUGHAN ST.

## Best Haxall Flour

**\$4.75 a Bbl.**

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PRODUCE AT

## WILLIS H. ALVIN'S,

SUCCESSOR TO B. F. RUSSELL,  
Cor. State & Washington Streets.

## IF YOU WANT

Lawn Mower,  
Wheelbarrow, Hoe or Rake,  
CALL AT  
16 MARKET ST.

## PRYOR & MATTHEWS'

HARDWARE AND PAINTS.

## KALIPAT TEA

IS STRONGER AND FINER FLAVORED THAN ANY OTHER.

Sold only in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 16 oz. packets by your retail grocer.

## SILAS PEIRCE & CO. LTD.

IMPORTERS, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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1 PER CENT. MARGIN.

All New York Stocks carried on 1 Per Cent. Margin. Private wires with the Equitable Stock and Grain Exchange, Boston.

UNEXCELLED SERVICE.

## A. R. Benson & Co., - 13 1-2 Daniel St.



## SPEAK OUT.

The Searchlight of Publicity is Pleasing Portsmouth People.

Publicity is what the people want. Let the public speak on the subject.

There has been too much claim—too little proof.

There is only one kind of proof for a Portsmouth citizen.

The experience of people we know.

When friends and neighbors endorse.

No question about such evidence.

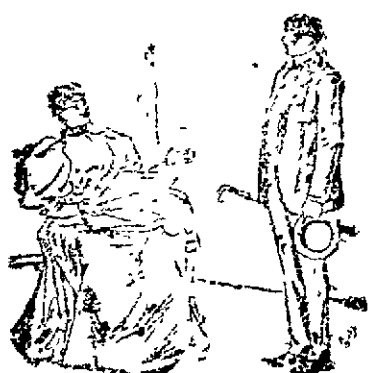
This kind of proof backs every box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here is a case of it.

Mr. William R. Weston, of 1 Woodbury avenue, says: "For a year or more I had kidney trouble, sometimes attacking me more severely than others. In every instance I had more or less dizziness, backache, soreness over the kidneys, pains shooting up between the shoulders or down the thighs and too frequent action of the kidney secretions. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block. Well, they went right to the spot at once. I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

Get Doan's Kidney Pills, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



## LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The reason is low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our customers are right and we have many extras. There is no use throwing away more to perfection than you have it. We will be glad to see you at any time.

## HAUGH,

LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR

20 High Street.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark, Conn.

60 Barrels of the above to meet the

THIS COMPANY'S ORDER

has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and City Public Works.

And has received the recommendation of the United States Army and Navy. It is the only one of its kind. Obtain the facts.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. WOODBURN

7-20-4

10c CIGAR

LITTLE GOLD DUST

Madison Street 5c cigars are now having the largest sales in their history. Quality counts. For sale by all first class dealers.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr., Manchester, N. H.

COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO., Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

3000 Cor. State and Water Sts.

## IN PERIL OF ICEBERGS

Their Early Appearance a New Menace to Ocean Travel.

FAR AHEAD OF TIME THIS YEAR

The Glacial Leviathans, Which Usually Do Not Appear Until Midsummer, Now Obstruct the Pathway of Transatlantic Commerce.

(Special Correspondence.)

Halifax, N. S., April 4.—The oldest mariners entering this port have never before seen thus early in the season so many and so great icebergs in the path of ocean traffic as now menace transatlantic shipping. Usually the ice does not appear until the latter part of July or early in August, when the sea is calmer and storms are less frequent. Even then these great floating mountains of ice are a source of much danger. When they come earlier, in March and April or even in May, during the season of dense fogs, violent windstorms and low temperature, the peril to shipping is increased a hundredfold.



MONSTER ICEBERG IN STEAMER TRACK. (From photo taken 500 miles east of Halifax.)

Many transatlantic steamers entering this port during the last fortnight have encountered great bodies of floating ice, which entailed the most watchful care on the part of the navigators to prevent disastrous collisions and resulted in much perplexing delay. The log of one incoming vessel shows that nearly a hundred icebergs varying in height above the water line from fifty to 300 feet were sighted on the trip across the Atlantic. These covered a stretch of over 150 miles, being mainly between latitude 42 degrees 15 minutes, longitude 49 degrees 20 minutes, to latitude 42 degrees 55 minutes, longitude 52 degrees 35 minutes, which is about 200 miles almost due east of Halifax. Its passage was a most hazardous one, and on several occasions a collision which might have sunk the ship and caused a frightful disaster was narrowly averted. Other ships have scarcely less sensational stories to tell of experiences with the perilous ice floes.

According to the expert hydrographers, who know as much about it as anybody else and probably not much more, the ice is a result of the icebergs melting in northern latitudes, causing the breaking off of large bodies of ice from the great glacial formations of the arctic region, from whence they are brought southward along the coast of Newfoundland into the path of steamship traffic by the polar currents.

The size of an iceberg appearing above the surface of the sea does not constitute its essential peril to shipping. Frequently that seen above the water is less than a ninth of its total bulk, so that a berg that stands 300 feet above the sea level may be actually 2,700 feet high and of far greater mass than is indicated by the exposed portion.

In addition to the proximity of a large body of ice in the sea is usually indicated by a peculiar weather, which precedes it this season of the year. It is strikingly different to detect the presence of an iceberg by the temperature of the water. The water is usually 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and for a long time it is 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. A sudden drop of 10 or 20 degrees is usually the result of the icebergs melting. The water is usually 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and for a long time it is 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. A sudden drop of 10 or 20 degrees is usually the result of the icebergs melting.

The birth of the iceberg is in the far north. As a glacier or ice river pushes its way into the ocean, huge masses break away from the edges and float outward. Currents carry them sometimes for thousands of miles before warmer climates eventually can melt their icy substance.

Charts of the north Atlantic show that a vast number of bergs float with the Labrador current in a southerly direction around the coast of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and from thence further out to sea until they finally melt away and become a part thereof. Many of these great floating mountains come from the coast of Greenland, where they are the result of glaciers melting and the icebergs floating in the sea. They are usually 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and for a long time it is 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. A sudden drop of 10 or 20 degrees is usually the result of the icebergs melting.

place of their formation. Others pursue their solitary and majestic course toward the open sea and gently melt away their lives on the deep swell of the Atlantic. Still others, like desperadoes of the highway, make straight for the bottom and send her foundering to the bottom. And, as they are in their history, so are they in their appearance, some being wall-like and ramparts, with square, almost perpendicular faces, impossible to climb, two or three miles long and half a mile broad. Others might at a first glance be mistaken for a splendid lake, a Turkish mosque or a Gothic church.

Occasionally an iceberg gets worn away at the water line, while the base below the water is intact and supports an extended surface on a comparatively narrow stem. Others are tumbled or cracked. In fact, there is no limitation as to form or size. The most beautiful and the most grotesque may sail side by side. One may be a mile square and the other only forty or fifty feet. Whether large or small, but a small proportion of either is seen. The great mass is always below the water.

At times there is something most graceful in the movements of an iceberg. One of large size was observed some years ago which for a time oscillated backward and forward with a regular movement like the pendulum of a clock. It was a grotesque, almost humorous, sight to observe the great mountain of ice swaying from side to side like one of the polar bears that haunt the far north. Then gently and almost imperceptibly the berg "turned turtle," showing a gently rounded surface where before had been jagged peaks and turrets. It was a dissolving view in the literal sense.

There is a continuous change in the appearance of icebergs. At times a Gothic cathedral is stimulated; again, with the sunset's warm glow, the surfaces may take to themselves a likeness to a tropic landscape. Cascades will descend from the upper slopes, breaking into feathery spray as the stream meets with obstacles. Sailors in the arctic make mental pictures as children do with passing clouds of these strange forms. Home, with its familiar scenes, may be imagined amid the very abomination of desolation.

As to the size of icebergs—well, one must be among them to appreciate their proportions. Sir John Ross observed one that was 13½ miles long by 2½ miles broad and 150 feet high. The weight was estimated at 1,500,000,000 tons. This, however, was not an extraordinary berg. Sometimes they are observed towering to a height of 700 or 800 feet. As only one-tenth of the mass is above water and visible, it is seen that they require plenty of depth as well as sea room for their movements.

The comments of the passengers when an ocean steamer passes an iceberg are often curious. If the weather is fine and the distance sufficient for safety, while convenient for the observation, the sight is taken as a spectacle arranged for the edification of the on-lookers. Some are disappointed. They expected something more dramatic, turrets perhaps when flat surfaces are seen or jagged edges where the waves may be sliding over smoothness. Others go into ecstasies of delight over the ever changing pictures presented to their view. But the master of the ship looks on the berg as his natural enemy and calculates the chances of others being met with later on. When the passengers are sleeping the officers watch that harm comes not nigh.

The littleness of man's work as compared with that of the Creator is nowhere more apparent than when a ship, perhaps a great ocean liner, falls in with a fleet of these leviathans of the ocean. The captain, observing a lowering of the temperature otherwise not to be accounted for, causes his ship to be steered cautiously. The watch is cautioned. Perhaps a fog falls over the face of the deep. Then, groping slowly and painfully in the murky twilight that even a search light will not pierce



AN ICEBERG IN OLD AGE.

for any distance, the great boat keeps on her course. To her it would be insignificant, as the deep sunken berg has movements different from the drift of the vessel. Dimly is seen a vast wreath rising at the side of the ship. This is not defined in outline until the iceberg towers above the vessel, so close escape seems impossible. With the position of the enemy located, to steer clear is a comparatively simple matter unless other bergs surround the vessel. If the weather is mild and the sea calm, all is likely to go well under the watchful care of the expert navigator, but when the storms and fogs accompany the icebergs there is imminent peril. Thus it is that the appearance of the ice this season two months earlier than usual adds a new and serious menace to transatlantic commerce.

RICHARD J. HAVILAND.

He Wanted to Be Sure.

"Hello, Catherine! I understand you were married recently." "How recently?" "Why, last month some time." "Oh, that's all right. It isn't true. I wasn't married to within a minute or so ago, but I didn't know but that you had later intelligence."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

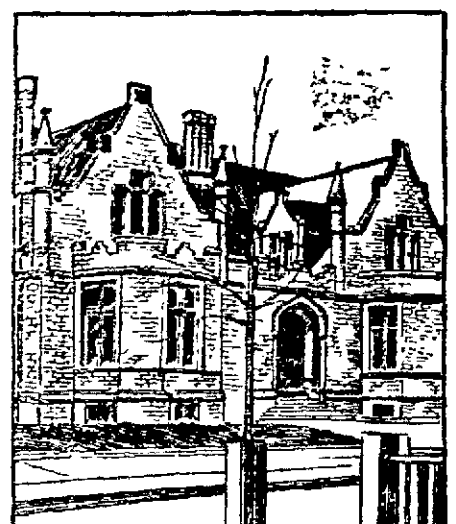
## THE LUCK OF A TOWN

HOW HENRY H. ROGERS HAS ENRICHED FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

Many Fine Edifices Erected at His Expense—His Latest Gift a Group of Church Buildings—Generous Toward Public Improvements.

(Special Correspondence.)

Fairhaven, Mass., April 2.—This town, the birthplace of Henry H. Rogers, has passed out of the Standard Oil company, is greatly interested in the vision of Mr. Rogers' latest tribute to his birthplace. This is a group of church buildings now in process of construction which includes a church, a parish house and a parsonage. The parish house is already completed, but the others are still in course of erection. The buildings will be fine examples of Tudor architecture and will be



UNITARIAN PARISH HOUSE, FAIRHAVEN.

notable additions to Mr. Rogers' gifts to the town, which include a brick schoolhouse, a library and a town hall.

The parish house is built of stone cut from a ledge at Port Phoenix, within 200 yards of the Rogers mansion. The trimmings are of blue limestone, and the scheme of exterior embellishment includes carved heads and gargoyles similar to those found on Ely cathedral, in England, ornamental tracery, windows of white limestone, turrets, pinnacles and chimney pots of terra cotta.

The interior has some striking features—carved decorations, a profusion of paneling, flat arches and shallow moldings. In the entertainment hall, or Sunday school room, are to be found four full length figures of angels carved in oak. Throughout the building oak is the only wood used except in the flooring of the kitchen and scullery. The buildings will be enjoyed by a parish of not more than sixty families, the average attendance at the Sunday services not exceeding fifty. No one knows exactly how much they will cost, as the work is being done by the day. Half a dozen stone carvers have been busy for more than a year on this part of the church alone, and it may be set down as a conservative estimate that when the buildings are completed they will represent an expenditure of close upon \$1,000,000.

Mr. Rogers spends all the time he can spare at Fairhaven. His home in the south part of the town is Georgian in architecture and is one of the show places of Fairhaven. It is bigger than most summer hotels, and from it an excellent view of Buzzards bay may be obtained. For the last seven years Mr. Rogers has held the office of superintendent of streets, and, thanks to his generosity, the town possesses more macadam roads than any Massachusetts settlement four times its size. The money to build them was not appropriated at the annual town meetings, so one may guess whence it came.

This is not all that Mr. Rogers has done for Fairhaven. He built a waterworks system that is now owned by the library and is one of the sources of its income. Last summer half a mile of granite sidewalk was laid on the street that ends at Mr. Rogers' gate. He will provide any household with curbing in front of his house, the owner's only expense being to pay for the setting of the stone. Trees have been planted along new streets, the old Unitarian church has become a schoolhouse, unsightly buildings that disfigured the wharves have disappeared. In every case Mr. Rogers has paid the bills, and he is prepared to do even more for the town. As soon as the legislature gives authority the mill pond, long a disfigurement, will be transformed into a park. If the cost of all these improvements could be estimated with any degree of accuracy, it would total far beyond \$2,000,000 and might easily reach \$3,000,000.

Another of the interesting buildings of Fairhaven which owe their existence to Mr. Rogers' munificence is the Masonic hall at the "Four Corners," a fine business block. It contains a lodge room finished in quartered oak, and when Mr. Rogers gave it to the Masons he stipulated that the name of their lodge should be changed from Concordia to the George H. Taber lodge. This was a signal tribute to "Uncle" Taber, who was then still alive and one of the most picturesque figures of the town. In his boyhood days Mr. Rogers and the old man, who went on one voyage for whales and then sailed in many merchant vessels as captain, were great comrades.

In the last years of his life Captain Taber was a frequent visitor to the hall that bore his name, and these visits helped to make happy his declining days. At the dedicatory exercises in the lodge room Mr. Rogers made an impressive speech, in the course of which he said, "Captain Taber is the finest old fellow I ever knew, with a heart as big as an ox and love enough for the whole world." The worthy captain died last year, aged ninety-four, and none more sincerely mourned his demise than did the Standard Oil magnate. HENRY A. BRUCE.

## CHAT ABOUT AUTHORS.

Now Winston Churchill Writes a Novel—Mr. Dooley in Politics. (Special Correspondence.)

Chicago, April 2.—Among the successful western authors in which all sections of the country show an interest is Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis." Mr. Churchill now lives in Cornish, N. H., and has become a member of the New Hampshire state legislature. As an author he is a hard and persistent worker. Before producing a volume he delves in books and records until he has gathered a great mass of facts and incidents. Then he takes up his pen, shuts himself in a room, which becomes his workshop, and no slave of a grinding master can work longer hours or more assiduously until he has amplified and tabulated all of the information he has obtained, each subject under its proper head for ready reference. Then he begins the construction of his story.

He has erected a den somewhat after the fashion of a western dugout in the grounds of his country home at Cornish, and there are his desk, his typewriter and his reference library. There he labors alone and undisturbed daily from breakfast until late afternoon, then gives a couple of hours to vigorous athletic sport of some sort and after dinner again returns to his writing, which continues late into the night.

This is his regime until the last revision of his work is in the hands of his publishers, and then he starts with his wife to some new locality, which is a rest for him only in change of occupation, for it is generally the collection of information for another work. The usual social amenities of life are not for him, and even his dearest friends see little of him excepting in his "resting spells." While at work upon a book he never entertains any other subject than the one upon which he is busy.

A stupid clerk in a Philadelphia bookstore was soundly berated the other day by a woman customer innocent of classical learning because he could not produce for her Mark Twain's "Oratorical Julius Caesar." He was unable to convince her that she had made a small confusion in surnames. She went out mumbling that doubtless she could get the book at Mr. X's store near by.

Finley Peter (Dooley) Dunne was a member of the old Whitechapel club in Chicago. The organization once nominated a ticket at a city election and selected Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor for the mayoralty. Then a resolution was introduced providing for a committee to communicate with Mr.



MR. DUNNE AROSE AND SOLEMNLY SAID. Hobart Chatfield Ibid-Taylor and to learn if he would allow his name to be used on the ticket.

Then Mr. Dunne arose and solemnly said, "In case Mr. Hobart Chatfield Make-It-Two-Taylor refuses to allow his name I move that the committee ask him if he will allow the use of a part of his name."

The recent death of Edna Lyall recalled for a moment the widespread interest which at one time was taken in her fiction. For years before her death she had become little more than a memory to many readers who used to swear in their youth by the author of "Donovan" and "Knight-Errant." To such the following letter from an English correspondent who shared this early enthusiasm may be of passing interest.

"In my school days at Eastbourne," this lady writes, "we used to see a good deal of Edna Lyall. She was one of our heroines, and we were always delighted to catch a glimpse of her either in the street or at church. One of her favorite walks was on the sea front—not on the central parade before the big hotels, but on the quieter, less frequented promenade from the Wish tower to the foot of Beauty head. Here on windy days when the white, spongy foam was blowing in large flakes over the shore she used to wander up and down, wrapped cozily in a long red cloak. She was generally alone, but was always interested in all that went on around her. A bright smile would pass over her face if she became conscious of recognition by any of the numerous schoolgirls of the town. We passed very frequently the house in College road where she lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. It was there in the red roofed home looking over the downs that much of her writing was done." RICHARD TUPPER.

## IN LAZY MADEIRA.

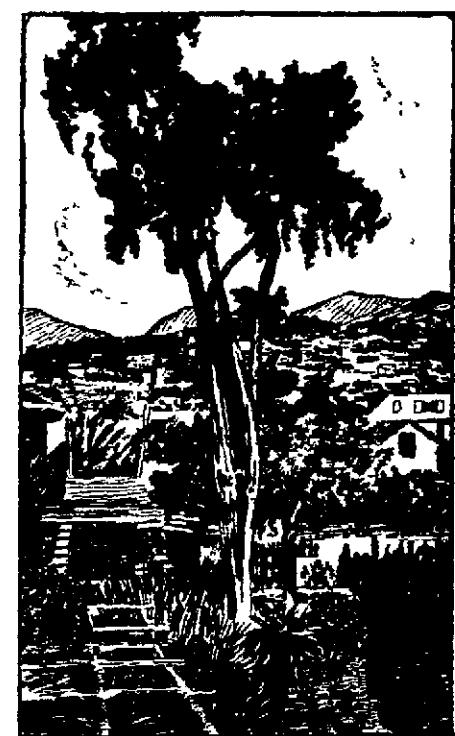
SUMMER ISLE OF EDEN, WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES.

An Ideal Spot Which American Tourists Know Little About—Fruits of All the Zones Grow There in Profusion.

(Special Correspondence.)

Funchal, Madeira, April 2.—This glorious island is a Portuguese possession, and its name, Madeira, is pronounced, according to the authorities, Ma-dee-ra, accent on the dee. It is about four days by steamer from Bermuda in an almost direct line east. The Canary islands are not far away, and the green canary bird of commerce is reared and sold in great numbers here.

Of all spots of the earth Madeira is perhaps the most desirable to dwell in for all who wish to get out of the "sturm und drang" and pass a change-



VIEW OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

less existence in the midst of sunshine, laziness and perfect peace. The climate is as even as an old fashioned Quaker lady's temper. It is never any colder than 65 degrees, never any warmer than 80. The mean temperature is about 68 degrees, and it is very little colder by night than by day.

Formerly Madeira was a place to stay away from because of the great number of consumptives, mostly from England, who sought its mild shores to prolong their suffering existence, but now many of these go elsewhere. The healthy person who does not like to exert himself can be quite as happy here as the invalid. In Madeira nobody but the lower classes, negroes and peasants, exerts himself. A beautiful road winds around the island, now dipping to the water's edge, now crossing like a thread the face of great mountain cliffs. There are picturesque paths up mountain heights from which glorious views may be obtained, but nobody that I ever heard of takes walks. Laziness is respectable. I wonder whether the determined American athletic girl would drop her strenuousness after awhile if she were to come here.

If you want to go anywhere there are the carros. Picture to yourself a wicker chair and that chair fastened upon runners, sledlike. That is a carro. Oxen are hitched to the chair and draw you bumping along. If you would vary the mode of travel you may take one of the laziness promoting hammocks and be swung over the roads.

A little way out of Funchal Mount Church rises. A favorite morning or afternoon trip is to be dragged up its sides in an inclined railway car somewhat like those common in Cincinnati and in other American cities set in the midst of hills. Up Mount Church you are drawn past smiling vineyards, through waving green banana plantations and delightful fruit orchards. When you return down the mountain, if you wish you can do so in what is called a "running carro" and come down in three minutes.

When the great continent of Atlantis was sunk in the ocean and lost, a few mountain peaks seem to have been left above water. Either that was the case or else volcanic or earthquake action lifted a little of the land out of water afterward, and this land now constitutes the group of islands off the northwest coast of Africa. Madeira is a mass of basalt rock split into seams and chasms, with fertile, smiling valleys between the rock cliffs. Sometimes a mountain side is terraced to keep the soil from sliding into the sea when it rains.

Tropical and semitropical vegetation thrives here in glorious abundance. Miles and miles of fuchsia, geranium and heliotrope hedge fringe the roads. At different elevations all the grains and vegetables and nearly all the fruits of the temperate zones thrive luxuriantly. Indian corn gives great yields. Bananas, grapes, oranges, figs and pineapples of noble quality gratify the palate.

The natives are a mixture of negro, Portuguese and old Moorish blood and no improvement on any. Some of them speak three languages, so called, a vile Portuguese, a worse French and a superlatively bad English.

In Funchal, the capital and seaport, the sun shines nearly every day in the year. The tourists' season lasts from October to June. Living is not immoderately high because no American millionaires have as yet established a colony here. If a select few cultured persons with an assured small income who love not the money worshipping world and its ways, but rather desire to get away from it, wish to form a colony of their own and live a happy, simple, wholesome life near to nature, here is the spot for them. WILHELMINA SCHIFF.

## THE HERALD

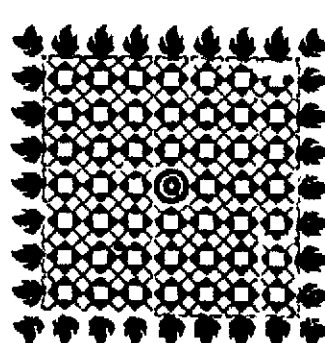
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## NOTICE.

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Portsmouth, N. H.

THE LAW OF THIS STATE PROVIDES THAT, "IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF EVERY DEPOSITOR IN ANY SAVINGS BANK, AND OF EVERY SHAREHOLDER OF ANY BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION TO PRESENT HIS BOOK FOR VERIFICATION WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK OR ASSOCIATION, WHEN NOTIFIED SO TO DO, AT THE TIMES FIXED BY THE BANK COMMISSIONERS."

THE BANK COMMISSIONERS HAVE SELECTED THE MONTH OF MAY IN THIS YEAR AS THE TIME FOR SUCH VERIFICATION. I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO EXAMINE THE DEPOSITORS' BOOKS AND COMPARE THEM WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK, WITH THE OBJECT OF CORRECTING ANY ERRORS THAT MAY EXIST, AND FOR THAT PURPOSE I SHALL BE AT THE PISCATAQUA SAVINGS BANK FROM 9 TO 1 AND 3 TO 4 EACH DAY THE BANK IS OPEN DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, TO ME AT THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

RALPH W. JUNKINS, Examiner.

## NOTICE.

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THE BANK COMMISSIONERS HAVE SELECTED THE MONTH OF MAY IN THIS YEAR AS THE TIME FOR SUCH VERIFICATION. I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO EXAMINE THE DEPOSITORS' BOOKS AND COMPARE THEM WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK, WITH THE OBJECT OF CORRECTING ANY ERRORS THAT MAY EXIST, AND FOR THAT PURPOSE I SHALL BE AT THE PORTSMOUTH SAVINGS BANK BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 9 AND 1 AND 3 AND 4 EACH DAY THE BANK IS OPEN DURING THE MONTH OF MAY, UNLESS THE WORK IS SOONER COMPLETED.

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, TO THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT, IF POSSIBLE DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, AND SO AVOID HAVING A PERSONAL REQUEST SENT TO YOU. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

WENDELL L. PETERSON.

## NOTICE.

To the Depositors of the Portsmouth Trust & Guarantee  
Company, of Portsmouth, N. H.

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THE BANK COMMISSIONERS HAVE SELECTED THE MONTH OF MAY IN THIS YEAR AS THE TIME FOR SUCH VERIFICATION. I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO EXAMINE THE DEPOSITORS' BOOKS AND COMPARE THEM WITH THE BOOKS OF THE BANK, WITH THE OBJECT OF CORRECTING ANY ERRORS THAT MAY EXIST, AND FOR THAT PURPOSE I SHALL BE AT THE PORTSMOUTH TRUST AND GUARANTEE COMPANY SAVINGS BANK DURING BANKING HOURS EACH DAY THE BANK IS OPEN DURING THE MONTH OF MAY, UNLESS THE WORK IS SOONER COMPLETED.

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOUR DEPOSIT BOOK, OR TO FORWARD THE SAME BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, TO ME AT THE BANK AT AS EARLY A DAY IN MAY AS CONVENIENT, IF POSSIBLE DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, AND SO AVOID HAVING A PERSONAL REQUEST SENT TO YOU. THE BOOK WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RETURNED TO YOU AFTER COMPARISON WITH YOUR ACCOUNT AS KEPT BY THE BANK.

SAMUEL R. GARDNER.

## Pierced by Arrows

Desperate Battle of a  
Wagon Driver With a  
Band of Indians.

Perils That Beset the Old Time  
Freighters Across the  
Plains—The Pony  
Express.

When the pony express was established in 1860 the distance between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Cal., was shortened by two and a half months. Prior to that time the mails were carried in a stagecoach, which consumed nearly three months in making the trip.

With the advent of the pony express the time was reduced to eight days. To accomplish this unheard of trip thirty-five men and 250 ponies were necessary. The only halt made was of two minutes' duration. This time was consumed in changing saddles and bags from one tough, sure footed, fleet little animal to another just like him. There were three



CLIFF KEPT HIS SIX SHOOTER GOING.

stations along the line, with relays at each station. Each horse was forced on a swift run for ten miles and then replaced by another. One of these intrepid riders is today a resident of St. Joseph. His name is Charles H. Cliff. Charley Cliff rode the pony express for six months after it had been in operation for a year. Twice each week he made the trip. His route led him to Seneca, Kan. There he waited for the mail back from the west and here it is to St. Joseph. When the river was high or running with ice he left his pony on the west bank and, taking a skiff, rowed across and brought up at the post office with his messages from the still unexplored west.

These pony express riders were a daring lot. The savagery of the elements and the bloodthirstiness of the Indians were to be met and conquered or evaded in a manner that would not lose time on their schedule.

Out upon the far western plains roamed their enemies, the Indians. These red skinned savages were nominally friendly. But the Springfield rifle swinging from the saddlebow and the Colt revolver carried in holster were often brought into rapid play and with deadly effectiveness upon the Indian by the daring riders skimming alone across the plains with messages from the far west.

By means of the pony express the distance between St. Joseph and Sacramento was covered in 282 hours. The usual run for each man was eighty-five miles. At first a horse was used for every twenty miles, but later double the number of animals were put into service. The equipment was a light riding saddle and bridle, with specially made pouches of "mochilas," made of heavy leather, which hung over the saddle such as common saddlebags are hung. There were four pockets, two in front and two behind each leg of the rider. Three of these pouches were locked and opened at specially designated points and under no circumstances at any other. The other was for local mail.

Cliff tells a thrilling story of his experiences. "I never knew what it was to ride at a walk," he said. "My horse was always at his greatest speed. Downhill he was allowed to slacken his pace, but on all other roads he was put through. My route was one of the best in the system, and I thoroughly enjoyed the work. There was no stopping, no hesitancy, no lagging. It was a rush from start to finish, and I generally managed to get through. At one time the snow was six feet deep along my route, and I had great difficulty keeping the trail, while the cold was intense."

After Mr. Cliff's experience as a pony express rider he became a "freighter" across the plains to Denver. He was

associated with a hundred or more drivers like himself on these freighter trains, which usually went in parties of from 100 to 175 trains.

It was on one of these trips across the plains that he was attacked by Indians and was wounded three times by Sioux arrows.

The wagon train was wending its sinuous way eastward "empty." It was in two sections. The first comprised 125 wagons and was a quarter of a mile in advance of the second, in which there were twenty-five wagons.

The wagon train was nearing O'Fallon's bluff in the early morning. It drew up some distance from a spring and stopped to water the stock and prepare breakfast. Cliff, with a companion, left the circle of wagons after some drinking water. They neared the spring and were dipping the bucket in the cool, sparkling water. Suddenly the air became hideous with the sound of a wild medley of war whoops. Glancing up, the two white men beheld a band of seventy-five Indians advancing upon them. They took to their heels and made for the wagons as fast as their legs could carry them. Cliff was nearing shelter after he had cast aside water bucket and every other lumberance.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his back. The pain almost caused him to drop. But men will do unheard of things when life is at stake, and Cliff kept running. The Indians almost reached him, and he was forced to turn and fight for his life. He drew his Colt revolver and stood the red men off as he backed toward the wagons, suffering excruciating agony with every step. He finally reached safety, and his companion, in response to Cliff's orders, handed the wounded man his rifle.

Cliff lifted the rifle to his shoulder and, calmly taking deliberate aim at the nearest savage, pulled the trigger. The redskin dropped in his tracks. Again the cool eye sighted along the long rifle barrel. Again an Indian dropped, mortally wounded.

At this juncture one of the foremost red men stopped in his advance and, pulling his bow to its utmost length, fired at the wounded white man. The arrow struck him in the left breast. He did not fall. He continued to pour his withering fire into the advancing horde of yelling savages. Another arrow pierced the arm that was supporting the gun barrel, and the death dealing rifle dropped.

Cliff feared that his days had come to a close. His companions had forsaken him for the larger train. He stood helpless almost but for his six shooter, which he managed to keep going until it was emptied. Then he retreated toward the enclosure.

The Indians continued their advance upon the wagon train. But it was soon stopped.

The men from the larger train, attracted by the scene of excitement and the sound of firing, rushed to the rescue of their beleaguered companion. Their advance was in the nick of time. After some sharp fighting the Indians were soon driven off, and the two trains were drawn closer together and preparations made to receive a second attack, but none came. The Indians had been defeated, and they mounted their ponies and rode away.

Cliff called to his companion and forced him to cut the arrow from his back. It was a tragic scene. The companion had not the courage to pull it out, as the arrowhead had gone into the flesh and was buried. Cliff told him to cut it out. The man said he could not.

"But you will!" was the stern word of the wounded man. "You will do it or I'll blow your head off!" And, suit-



CLIFF LEVELLED HIS REVOLVER.

ing the action to the word, he presented his revolver to the man's head and bade him do as he was told.

The man obeyed, and with Cliff's knife he cut a slit near the arrowhead in Cliff's back and pulled out the arrow.

The arrows in the breast and arm were easily extracted, but Cliff's wounds were bad. He was laid in one of the wagons, and the tedious trip to St. Joseph was begun.

During the three weeks necessary to make the trip Cliff's wounds were healed, and he was able to walk about on his arrival there. The arrows he kept and still has.

## Tragedy Of a Mine

Discovery of Two Skele-  
tons Reveals a Ter-  
rible Crime.

Cruel Revenge of a Jealous  
Mexican—Victims of His  
Rage Left to Perish  
In a Shaft.

Thirty years ago, in the spring of 1873, Jose Martinez began laying the foundation of what to him was to be the life beautiful. He had just started out as a prospector then, and fortune at once smiled on him. Seven or eight miles east of Bodie he found the outcroppings of a small gold ledge that held indelible hope for him. He located and began to work it. He built himself a cabin, and then he went to Aurora, Nev., to get his provisions. There he fell in with a pretty young



JOSE LOWERED THE BUCKET.

Spanish girl, Lolita Cassessa, and, feeling that his gold ledge made the future secure, he thought it no rash venture to marry her. When he went back to his mine and his cabin he carried his young bride with him, and all life seemed fair and sweet.

After a couple of months of patient work and primitive joy the practical side of life asserted itself with insistence. He saw that gold would come out of the rocks ever so much faster with help—and who shall say what dreams he realized so much the sooner? Jose Martinez made another trip to Aurora and this time brought back with him a helper, one Teddy Ryan, a rollicking, bright faced Irish boy of two and twenty. He was sturdy and broad shouldered and ruddy, with an unflinching good humor.

Teddy Ryan was a good hand. He certainly did his share of the mining, and in addition to that when Lolita wanted water or wood he was ever ready and eager to fetch it, while Jose sat smoking his cigarette and looking on from under the wide brim of his sombrero and seeing nothing. And he made gay with Lolita frankly with his native bonhomie, jesting, singing, teasing, establishing the bond of youth to youth.

In the working of the mine Jose so divided the work that he went down the shaft while Teddy Ryan performed the duties above ground.

One day, prompted by what impulse no one may know now—perhaps by some prank of fate—Jose changed the order of things. He lowered Teddy Ryan to the bottom of the shaft and himself remained above ground. And Lolita, as was her habit when the brief domestic duties in the cabin had been performed, came out to join Teddy Ryan at the mouth of the mine.

Heedlessly, gayly, with the heedlessness and gaiety of youth and love and unrestrained joy in life, she slipped slyly up behind Jose Ryan, smoking, in the shadow and clapped her hands over his eyes and pressed her young cheek to his and whispered, "Guess who it is, Teddy—my Teddy?"

And Jose Martinez, terrible, menacing, in the suddenness of his rage that flamed from the suddenness of his discovery, tore from his eyes the little, caressing, blindfolding hands and, holding them both in the crushing grasp of one of his, turned upon her.

The pretty, foolish, young thing, the wayward bride, cowered before him groveling at his feet, the words of pleading dying in her throat in dry little gasps.

"I see—I see," said Jose hoarsely. "You love the man down there?"

He held her with tightening grip as he poured out his torrent of denunciation, and at last when he flung her aside she sank unconscious on the ground at the mouth of the mine.

Then a thought came swiftly to him. There was no ladder in the shaft.

They had put off the placing of a ladder because lumber was scarce. The windlass rope was the only one reaching the surface. That was why had made Lolita and Teddy Ryan so secure—while he was at the bottom of

the shaft. Well, the want of a ladder might serve another purpose. With terrible swiftness was the thought born in Jose's brain. With terrible swiftness he put the plan into execution.

He bound Lolita hand and foot. He lifted her into the bucket and waited. When consciousness returned to her he told her, with sadistic humor, with his lips stretched tight on his teeth and his voice dry and crackling like the snapping of withered heartstrings:

"I make you a present—you and your Teddy. I give you a mine!" And he lowered the bucket to the bottom of the shaft, where Teddy Ryan was waiting and wondering and he cut the windlass rope, and he listened to it drop.

"I make you a present," he called hoarsely to the imprisoned lovers. "I give you a mine!"

That was thirty years ago.

Thirty years ago Jose Martinez left his mine near Bodie, with a pack on his back, after the fashion of prospectors to start on prospecting journeys again. His deserted cabin and the prospect hole he dug mark the place of his abode. People wondered for awhile casually what had become of his wife, and Teddy Ryan, but no one asked, for it is not very good form in mining camps to inquire too closely into a man's private affairs, especially when the conclusion is obvious.

Jose Martinez went on his way prospecting unsuspected.

No one troubled his abandoned mine for several years, for it was taken for granted that it hadn't "panned out." Not for years did any one go down that shaft after Jose Martinez cut the windlass rope and listened to it drop—until a little while ago, when a couple of prospectors, partly from curiosity, partly not to overlook a chance for a fortune, went down and under the accumulation of the rubbish of thirty years found two skeletons.

No one, not even the oldest inhabitant of Bodie, could tell who they were. No one thought of Teddy Ryan and Lolita, the wife of Jose Martinez, and they were buried in a grave that is marked "Unknown."

Jose Martinez heard of the discovery of the two skeletons and held his peace—until he came to die at Prescott, Ariz., a few days ago. Then, to unburthen his conscience, he told the whole story that he had been carrying locked in his heart for thirty years. He gave all the circumstantial detail by which it has been corroborated.

## LIGHTNING PROOF.

Strange Case of a Man Who  
Has Been Struck Fourteen  
Times Without Injury.

Charles G. Bennett of Hion, N. Y., is so charged with magnetism that he attracts lightning in the same way as do rods on barns or houses. He also is subject to sunstroke. A noted physician who examined him told him that he had more electricity in his system than ten ordinary men and warned him about venturing out in a thunder storm.

At first he ridiculed this statement and scoffed at the advice, but he soon found to his sorrow that it was all too true. This was in the summer of 1911, and that year the electric storms were many and heavy. Nine times in succession was Mr. Bennett struck, and he suffered from four sunstrokes. The



BENNETT WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS.

following year he was struck by lightning five times and sun struck three times.

Mr. Bennett says that he has always experienced most annoying "creeping" sensations during a thunderstorm, but it was only two years ago that he realized what a powerful magnet he was.

This was while driving through a country lane during a heavy shower. The day was oppressive, and the storm gathered in force until the sky was livid. Suddenly the horse dropped dead, struck to the earth by a bolt, which also laid low the driver. Bennett declares that he was not unconscious more than ten minutes and when he came back to the world again he felt not a whit worse for his shock. On another occasion he was knocked senseless on the balcony of a club and was apparently killed. He returned to consciousness after two hours, feeling no further inconvenience.

## PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY  
MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and  
Members.

OLD CASTLE, No. 4, E. G. R.

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Second and Fourth Wednesdays of  
each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief;  
Charles C. Charles, Noble Chief; Fred  
Hester, Vice Chief; William Hampshire,  
High Priest; Frank P. Meloon, Venerable  
Hermit; George P. Knight, Sr. Har-  
old; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred  
Gardner, K. of E.; E. C. W. Hanson, G.  
of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, No. 3, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First  
and Third Thursday of each month.  
Officers—C. W. Hanson, Council  
Chief; John Hooper, Vice Council; Wil-  
liam P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor;  
Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor;  
Frank Pike, Recording Secretary;  
Frank Langley, Financial Secretary;  
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